

The Alleghanian.

BOLINGER & HUTCHINSON,

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1859.

NO. 15.

"ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.		
Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bona's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Joseph S. Mardis,	Carroll.
Cherry Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Cresson,	John J. Troxell,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg,	M. C. McCague,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Glen Connell,	Joseph Gill,	Chest.
Hemlock,	Wm. McGough,	Washint'n.
Johnstown,	H. A. Boggs,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto,	Wm. Gwinn,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. Wisinger,	Conem'gh.
Shenier,	E. Durbin,	Monster.
Shenier,	Francis Clement,	Conem'gh.
Plattsville,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'han.
Roseland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine,	Joseph Moyer,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Sunman,	B. M. Colgan,	Washint'n.
Summerhill,	Wm. Murray,	Croyle.
Summit,	Miss M. Gillespie,	Washint'n.
Wilmore,	Andrew Beck,	Summerhill.

SELECT POETRY.

The Call.—a la Poe.
BY BOLUS PILLBAGS, M. D.

Last night, as I lay dreaming,
Dreams with joyous features teeming,
Came a rap upon my door;
First a rap and then a roar!
Up I rose, all full of wondering,
Quick I heard a sort of blundering;
Then there came an awful thundering—
Cracking, smashing in my door,
As if old Beelzebub had risen,
And his wrath on me wou'd pour—
Ah! that night I'll think of evermore!

Then my heart began its beating,
And I thought of fast retreating,
But no exit could be found;
So I firmly stood my ground—
Stood my ground, and stared around.
And now, to ferret out the hash,
I at the window made a dash,
And quickly upward threw the sash—
"Who's there? What's wanting? I implore,"
"Want the Doctor! nothing more."

Then, my breast with sadness filling,
And my blood with horror chilling,
Again I asked, what is the matter?
That you make such awful clatter
At this dismal time of night,
When not a star appears in sight?
Do you think that this is right?
Pray excuse me, I implore,
Quoth the comer—"Nevermore!"

But I'm sick myself, too sick for riding,
And faint at home would be abiding;
The patient is not very low,
If he was, I'd surely go—
Go to see him, friend or foe.
But my head is thumping—aching,
And my nerves, unstrung, are shaking—
All o'er me now, I feel a quaking;
So go thy way, I do implore,
Yelled the comer—"Nevermore!"

But the road is long and dreary,
And I feel so very weary,
I will go, all weather scorn—
Scorning, if you'll wait till morning;
With choicest "yarbs," my bags I'll fill,
And cram them well with "bole and pill,"
Bole and pill for every ill;
So leave me now, I do implore,
Bawled the comer—"Nevermore!"

Then I said, the Devil get you,
And the imps of Hades beset you—
No mercy may they show to you,
Since you did me thus pursue—
Ah! this night you'll surely rue!
Where's my "bags"?—O, curse all physic!
Hope the inventor choked with phthisis
Died for want of breath, the "skeesick!"
A "squally time" for me in store,
Go, I must,—Forevermore.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—
Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SHANE, Pastor.—
Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Welch Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—
Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week of each month.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—
Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock, and every Sabbath at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Disciples—Rev. WM. LLOYD, Pastor.—
Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVEN JENNIS, Pastor.—
Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MYRICK, Pastor.—
Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 11 " P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " 6 1/2 " A. M.

The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.
West—Express Train, leaves at 9.45 A. M.
" Mail Train, " 8.48 P. M.
East—Express Train, " 8.24 P. M.
" Mail Train, " 10.00 A. M.
" Fast Line, " 6.39 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Esley, Richard Jones, Jr.
Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.
Clerk to Prothonotary—Robert A. McCoy.
Register and Recorder—Michael Hasson.
Deputy Register and Recorder—John Scanlan.
Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.
Deputy Sheriff—George C. K. Zahn.
District Attorney—Theophilus L. Heyer.
County Commissioners—John Bearer, Abel Lloyd, David T. Storm.
County Commissioners—George C. K. Zahn.
County Commissioners—John S. Rhey.
Treasurer—George J. Rodgers.
Poor House Directors—William Palmer, David O'Harro, Michael McGuire.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Mercantile Appraiser—Francis Tierney.
Auditors—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Coughlin, Henry Hawk.
County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.
Crooner—Peter Dougherty.
Superintendent of Common Schools—S. B. McCormick.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.
Juryman—John D. Hughes.
Town Council—Andrew Lewis, Joshua D. Parrish, David Lewis, Richard Jones, Jr., M. S. Hart.
Clerk to Council—James C. Noon.
Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.
Weigh Masters—Davis & Lloyd.
School Directors—M. C. McCague, A. A. Barker, Thomas M. Jones, Reese S. Lloyd, Edward Glass, William Davis.
Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.
Constable—George Gurley.
Collector—George Gurley.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.
Judge of Election—David J. Jones.
Inspectors—David H. Roberts, Daniel O. Evans.

they still claim, a right to dig its soil into utterly worthless chasms and heaps in quest of gold, to cut down its timber and feed of its grass at their own discretion, leaving to the fortunate owner only the privilege of paying the taxes, which, under the management of public affairs by officers politically and personally hostile to him, have been swelled to no less than \$16,000 per annum—his taxes, remember, on an estate which every body used or wasted as they saw fit, and which was yielding him no income whatever. For the feeble efforts at quartz-mining made in his behalf in his absence—in the absence, too, of all successful experience in such mining,—only served to involve him still more deeply in debt, which was further swelled by unfortunate agencies and business connections, until an aggregate of his liabilities on account of this property can hardly have fallen short of half a million dollars.

Such were the circumstances under which he determined, in 1857, to return to his California estate, and here, surrounded by his family, devote all his time and energies to its improvement and renovation. In the spirit of that determination he has since lived and labored, rising with the lark, and striving to obtain a complete knowledge and mastery of the entire business, taking more and more labor and responsibility on his own shoulders as he felt himself able to bear it, until he is now manager, chief engineer, cashier, accountant, and at the head of every other department but that of law for which he finds it necessary still to rely on professional aid. And his mines are at length becoming productive and profitable. His first (steam) mill, near his dwelling, runs eight stamps night and day, his second, (water) mill, three miles distant, on the Merced, at the north end of his estate, runs twelve stamps, also constantly; and the two are producing gold at the rate of at least 250,000 per annum at an absolute cost, I am confident, of not more than \$150,000. Of course he needs all the profits if not more, to extend and perfect his works, having already a much larger water mill nearly ready to go into operation besides that on the Merced, in which he expects, I believe to run, fifty-six stamps, and he hopes to have one hundred in all, running before the close of 1860. With that number, I believe, he would be able, by giving his constant personal attention to the business, aided by faithful and capable assistants, to realize a net profit of at least \$10,000 per week, which would very soon clear him of debt, and leave him unincumbered in the ownership of perhaps the finest mining property in the world.

Still the Spanish proverb "it takes a mine to work a mine," is exemplified in his case as in others. A large additional investment is needed to render his property as productive as it might be. For instance, he has just contracted for the transportation of 30,000 tons of vein-stone from his great mine to his mill on the Merced (barely a mile and a half down hill) for \$60,000. One half of this sum would construct a railroad from the heart of the mine down to the floor of the mill, and take down this amount of rock, leaving the railroad and 30,000 clear again. But he must have the rock at once, while the railroad would require time and a heavy outlay of ready cash. A Rothschild would build the railroad forthwith, and save 40,000; but Col. F. not being yet a Rothschild, whatever he may in time become, must bide his time.

His great mine, though not the richest is probably the most capacious in California. Its thickness varies from eight to thirty-eight feet—I believe it is in one place sixty-feet wide. It is in fact a cliff or pyramid of gold bearing quartz inclosed in a mountain of slate—a mountain deeply gashed and seamed in various directions by the water courses which run down it to the Merced. These ravines, this river, aided by proper engineering, obviate all the usually heavy, often ruinous expense of pumping; the mine, properly opened, will not only clear itself of water, but the vein-stone may be easily run out on incline tram-roads, instead of being hoisted to the surface through shafts by an enormous outlay of power. Then the width of the vein obviates all necessity for dead work, save in sinking shafts and running up adits, the principal work is rather quarrying than mining; and there can be no apprehension that the vein will give out or grow poor, because it has already been tested at its various out-crops to a depth of fifteen hundred feet, and is richer at the bottom than near the top, where it has mainly been worked to this time. I have no doubt that there are \$10,000,000 in this mine above water level—that is, the level of the Merced—and that, though the yield of gold thus far has fallen rather below \$20 per ton, it may, even at that rate, be mined at a

net profit of at least one-fourth of the gross product.

Col. F. is confident that his present works do not separate half the gold contained in the rock, and that, by the use of the new amalgamators he is about to apply he will double his weekly produce without an increase of cost. This conviction is founded on chemical experiments and tests, which seem to leave no doubt of the fact that the additional gold is in the rock, but whether the means of extracting it have yet been discovered, remains to be seen. At all events, I feel assured that the productiveness of these works will increase much faster than their expenses, so long as Col. F. shall devote himself to the management so entirely as he is now doing. In the hands of agents and attorneys they would probably become again what they once were and what all quartz mining works managed at second hand have been.

Husbands.

Assist your wives in making home happy—preserve the heart you have won. When you return home from your daily avocations, do you find your habitation alluring? Do not sit down in a corner silent and sullen, with clouded brow and visage repulsive. Meet your beloved with a smile of joy and satisfaction—take her by the hand.

Never indulge in coarse, harsh or profane words. These to a woman of refinement, of delicate and tender sensibility, are exceedingly disgusting and tend to grieve her spirit. Let the law of kindness dwell upon your lips; write it upon the table of your heart. Modesty and virtue are gems of priceless value; keep them polished like burnished gold.

Husbands be exceedingly cautious never to say or do any thing that will tend to mortify the feelings of your wives in company. Here, if possible, show them more marked attention than when alone.

Give your wives to understand that you esteem them above all others; make them your confidants; confide in them, and they will confide in you; confidence begets confidence, love begets love, and sweetness begets sweetness.

Above all sympathize with the wives of your bosom in the hour of affliction. Rejoice with them when they rejoice, and weep with them when they weep. Who, if not a bosom companion, will wipe from the cheek the falling tear of sorrow?

Finally, husbands, remember that death will soon sever the conjugal chord! When you behold her with whom you lived, and toiled, and wept, and rejoiced, cold, lifeless, laid in the coffin.

"Think of the happiness, so deep and tender, That filled thy heart when wandering by her side;

Think how her faint smile had power to render The darkest moment one of love and pride.

And now that this frail form in death grows colder, A sweet calm rapture fills the parting hour, That though art with her, though a sad beholder, A witness of the dear REDEEMER'S power."

Will you then regret that you studied always to promote her happiness? that the law of love and kindness dwelt on her lips evermore? Oh, think, and be now her ministering angel.

Frontier of the Rio Grande in a state of War.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 12.—The Delta, of this city, publishes a letter, dated Corpus Christi, Nov. 7, which says that it is almost certain that the town of Brownsville has fallen into the hands of Cortinas.

The Mexican flag was flying four miles above the town.

All communication has been cut off. The entire population on both sides of the Rio Grande were in arms, with the intention of exterminating the Americans, and reconquering the country to the Colorado river.

The news is confirmed by the affidavits of citizens of Cameron county, who were obliged to fly for their lives.

Another affidavit says the frontier of the Rio Grande is in a state of war.

Cortinas is sustained by the Mexican population.

Earnest appeals are made for aid by the Americans.

Eighty men were advancing to the relief of Brownsville, but they will have to encounter seven hundred of Cortina's men.

Colonel Robert E. Lee succeeds General Twiggs in the command of the military department of Texas.

He that cannot forgive others breaks down the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need to be forgiven.

Fourth of July Oration.

As a counterpart to the "Model Speech," which will be found in the same column of "Our Newspaper," the following Fourth of July Oration, furnished to the Cleveland Plaindealer, by "Artemas Ward," the quaint Western humorist, will be read with merriment:

SURS: I send herewith a synopsis of the skedule of my orashun on the 4th of July, at Wethersfield. Pleas korrek the spellin and punktoate it in proper stile. I spoke 2 hours, and was ninety-six minits passin a givin pint. There was between two hundred persons present, who open mouth and closed eyes listened to me with strick attentshun. A. W.

The oration itself is a perfect gem, and one of the best things that "Artemas" has yet gotten off. We subjoin an extract or two. After the usual apostrophe to the Goddess of Liberty, he says:

"I haint time to notis the growth of Ameriky from the time the Mayflower cum over in the Pilgrim and browt Plymouth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our karcer has been tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. People which hung idiotie ole wimin furwitches, burnt holes in Quaker's tongues, and consigned their feller-critters to the treadmill and pillory on the slightest provokashun, may have been very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will drop them all, I spose they ment well, and as in the novel and techin langwidge of the nuspapers, 'peas to their ashis.' There was no diskount however, on them brave men who fit, bled, and died in the American Revolushun. We needn't be afraid of setting them to steep. Like my Show, they will stand a heap of prais."

"I see much to admire in New England. Your gals in particular are abowt as snug bilt peaces of Caliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn-fed gals of Ohio and Injanyan, and will make the bestest kind of wives. Itsets my buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole, be still, & you, Hart, stop cuttin' up!

Which affectin' lines is either from the pen of Governor Morrill of Maine, or Doctor Watts, and I disremember which. I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprize, gumpshun &c., but your favorit bevridge I despise. I alude to New Englan Rum; it is was not the kind of whiskey of Injany, which cats threw stun jugs and will turn the stomach of the most shiftless hog.

"I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bole, but the other day I wurrid down some of your Rum. The fast glass indooosed me to swear like an infoiortated trooper. On takin the second glass I was seized with a desire to break winders, and after imbibing a third glass I knoeked a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly commenced readin of Sylvanus Kebbs last Tail I verily do beleve that if I'd histid in another glas, I shoed have been desperit enuff to attack the Mount Vernon Papers.

"Its drefful stuff—a sort of liewid litten got up under the personal supervision of the devil—tears men's inards all to peaces, and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as wood a wild hyenna with a fire brand tied to his tale, & while you are abowt it you would do a fast rate thing fur yerself and everybody abowt you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicating lickers. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin abowt the trouble and sufferin they cawse. But unless your inards are cast iron void New Englan's favorit Rum.

"My friends lme dun. I tear myself away from you with tears in my eyes and a pleasant odor of Onyuns abowt my close. In the langwidge of Mr. Catterline to the Rumuns, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, peple of Wethersfield. Be virtuous & you'll be happy."

"My dear," said an anxious father to his bashful daughter, "I intend that you shall be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away on any of the wild, worthless boys of the present day. You must marry a man of sober and mature age; one that can charm you with wisdom and good advice, rather than personal attraction. What do you think of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?" The timid, meek, blue-eyed little daughter looked in the old man's face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered, "I think two of twenty-five would be much better, pa."

VERY DUTCH.—Two old Dutch neighbors in Pennsylvania were proverbially steady and honest, and they carried on transactions with their neighbors and each other for years on the plan of ready pay in cash or barter. But at last the hard times came and they were obliged to resort to keeping accounts.

One day they met for settlement, and after very hard labor and urging, it was apparent that Hannus owed Yawkub twenty dollars.

"Well, Yawkub, how must we settle him now? I've got no monish."

"Yaw, yaw; never mind dat, we can settle him mit a notish," said Yawkub, who prided himself on doing business at the store.

"O, yaw mit a notish; vell, den, you writes it."

"Dat is nit right," said Yawkub; "you owes me de monish; you writes de notish, I sign him, dat is de way."

So Hannus set about it and produced the following:

Westmoreland county I owish Yawkub twenty dollars for settle up when I hash no monish to pay him. Signed, YAWKUB.

Then arose an unforeseen difficulty.—Who ought to keep the note?

It was finally decided that Hannus ought to keep it for how else would he know how much he owed Yawkub.

In due time when Hannus, the debtor, got money he paid up, and this raised another puzzling question, and ended in the conclusion that Yawkub must take the note in his keeping, so that he would know that Hannus had paid the money.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency in life.—Learn to work, and be not dependant upon servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all things do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you caress and receive into your company those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get funds sufficient to livd'm fashion. If you are wise, you will look at this subject in the light we do, and when you are old enough to become wives you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked "Such a young lady married a fortune," we always tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents turn out to be a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the purse of your lovers and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark it they have a trade, and can depend upon themselves—see that they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence.—Talk not of the beautiful white skin and soft delicate hand, the splendid form and fine appearance of the young gentleman. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

THOUGHTS FOR QUIET MOMENTS.

How often we have disquieted ourselves with the apprehension of evils, which, after all, may never have befallen us! How often we have indulged in vain hopes and ambitious speculations, which, if they have apparently been realized, have, per adventure, brought with them none of the happiness that we had anticipated as their result. It is likewise a wholesome practice to trace back whatever good we may enjoy to something that, at the time might appear a great trial to us, and yet actually in the consequences connected with it, may have been indiscreetly, with the Divine Providence the cause of the very good on which we are felicitating. We all are ready enough to complain of our disappointments on the other side of the question—if we were as free to acknowledge unexpected good as to murmur at unexpected evil (if we may speak of any of the dispensations of Divine Providence by such an epithet,) we should maintain a more equal temperature of mind. The whole 175 volumes of the "Universal History" would not instruct us so much on this subject as the history of the thoughts, feelings, and projects of the humblest individual, impartially related by himself, for a single twelvemonth. All misfortunes appear more formidable at a distance than when we actually come to grapple with them; "for nothing is so dreadful as it seems." The clouds that are the precursors of a storm do not appear so black to us when they hang immediately over our head as when we see them rising up at the edge of the horizon. It is better to know the worst than to dread the worst.